TONY'S SCRAP BOOK

ANTHONY WONS

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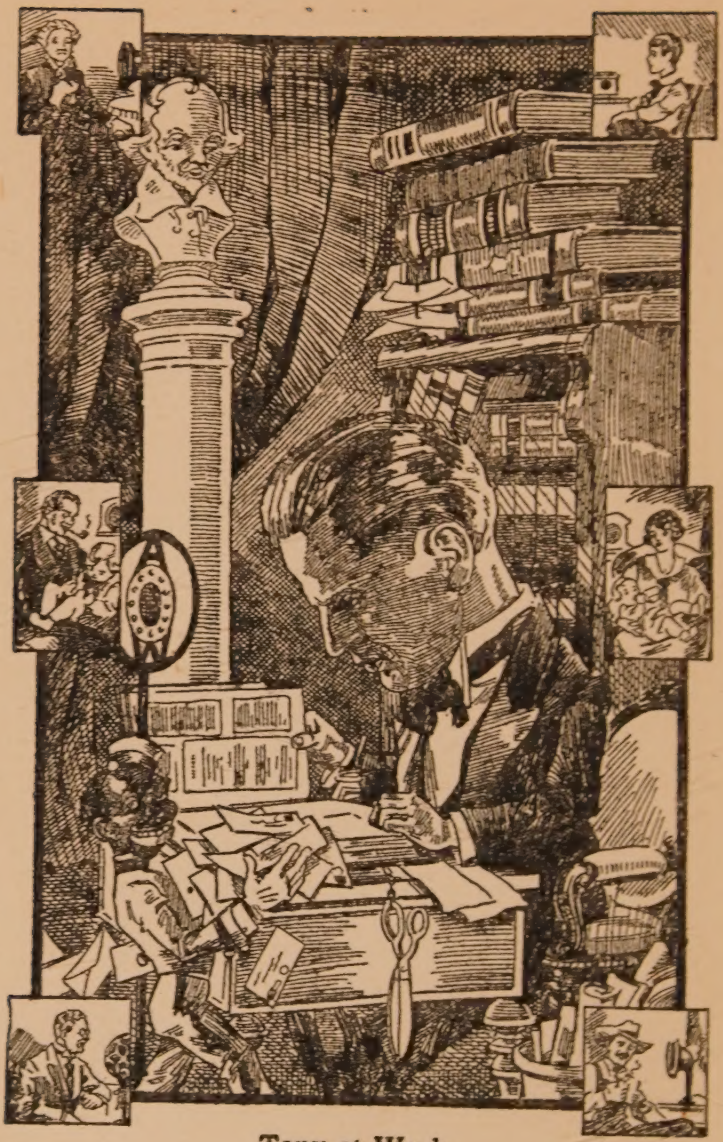

Tony at Work

TONY'S SCRAP BOOK

Compiled by

ANTHONY WONS

(TONY)

Combined Radio Editions

of

1927-1928-1929

THE REILLY & LEE CO.

CHICAGO

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Tony's Scrap Book

FOREWORD

THIS is not "just another book of poems." This is a Radio Scrap Book. What is a Radio Scrap Book? It is a book built up of choice bits of reading contributed by a radio audience.

Nearly a quarter million radio listeners have helped select the contents of Tony's Radio Scrap Book. Between its covers are selections—serious and humorous—verse and prose—coming from friends in all walks of life. Out of these rare bits have been culled the gems which proved most popular on the air and which were published in three small booklets—1927-1928-1929. Since the publication of these booklets many letters have come requesting a larger, combined scrapbook, and to gratify the wishes of my friends I have taken some of the more popular articles from the three smaller books, added many new literary bits, and I now present them in this "three in one" Tony's Scrap Book.

Here will be found good cheer for those who are sad; hope for those who are ill; praise for the winner; encouragement for the loser; inspiration for the young; tranquility of mind for the old, and a smile for everyone.

TONY.

October, 1930

THANKS

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The compiler has spent much effort in endeavoring to discover the authors of some of the bits included in this book. In cases where he has been unsuccessful no author's name appears. He will, however, be glad to hear from his friends as to the authorship of these—for the present, "anonymous"—writings and in the next edition of this book give proper credit.

A. W.

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village
Gleam through the rain and the mist,
And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me
That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

From "The Day is Done," by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

AS YOU GO THROUGH LIFE

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Don't look for flaws as you go through life,
And even when you find them,
It is wise and kind to be somewhat blind
And look for the virtue behind them.

For the cloudiest night has a hint of light
Somewhere in its shadows hiding;
It's better by far to hunt for a star
Than the spots on the sun abiding.

The current of life runs ever away
To the bosom of God's great ocean—
Don't set your force 'gainst the river's course,
And think to alter its motion.

Don't waste a curse on the universe,
Remember, it lived before you;
Don't butt at the storm with your puny form,
But bend and let it go o'er you.

The world will never adjust itself
To suit your whims to the letter;
Some things must go wrong your whole life long,
And the sooner you know it the better.

It is folly to fight with the infinite,
And go under at last in the wrestle;
The wiser man shapes into God's plan
As water shapes into a vessel.

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT

J. P. McEvoy

Rushin' to the office, rushin' out to eat,
Rushin' back an' rushin' home,
Down the rushin' street.

Rushin' up an' rushin' down, rushin' in an' out,
Say, what's all the rushin' fer?
What's it all about?

Rushin' after money, rushin' after fame;
Climbin', pushin', shovin',
It's a dizzy game.

Steppin' on each other's heels, let me by—
Look out!
Say, what's all the rushin' fer?
What's it all about?

What's the use of rushin'? Let us loaf a while,
Watch 'em push, an' run an' grab,
We'll just sit an' smile.

As they scramble down the road, gaily we will shout;
"Say, what's all the rushin' fer?
What's it all about?"

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Cheerfulness means a contented spirit; a pure heart, a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity, a generous appreciation of others, and a modest opinion of self. —*Thackeray*

SOMEP'N COMMON-LIKE

James Whitcomb Riley

Somep'n 'at's common-like, and good
And plain, and easy understood;
Somep'n 'at folks like me and you
Kin understand, and relish, too.
And find some sermint in 'at hits
The spot, and sticks and benefits.
We don't need nothin' extry fine;
'Cause, take the run o' minds like mine,
And we'll go more on good horse-sense
Than all your flowery eloquence;
And we'll jedge best of honest acts
By Nature's statement of the facts.
So when you're wantin' to express
Your misery, er happiness,
Er anything 'at's wuth the time
O' telling in plain talk er rhyme—
Jes' sort o' let your subject run
As ef the Lord wuz listenun.

SEASONABLE LIVING

The wisest men you ever knew
  Have never dreamed it treason
To rest a bit—and jest a bit,
  And balance up their reason;
To laugh a bit—and chaff a bit,
  And joke a bit in season.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience. —*George Washington*

HOME

Edgar A. Guest

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home,
A heap o' sun an' shadder, an' ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind,
An' hunger fer 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.
It don't make any difference how rich ye get t' be,
How much yer chairs an' tables cost, how great yer luxury;
It ain't home t' ye, though it be the palace of a king,
Until somehow yer soul is sort o' wrapped round everything.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute;
Afore it's home there's got to be a heap o' livin in it;
Within the walls there's got to be some babies born, and then
Right there ye've got t' bring 'em up t' women good, 'an men;
And gradjerly, as time goes on, ye find ye wouldn't part
With anything they ever used—they've grown into yer heart;
The old high chairs, the playthings, too, the little shoes they wore
Ye hoard; an' if ye could ye'd keep the thumbmarks on the door.

Ye've got to weep to make it home, ye've got to sit an' sigh,
An' watch beside a loved one's bed, an' know that Death is nigh;

An' in the stillness o' the night t' see Death's angel come,
An' close the eyes o' her that smiled, an' leave her sweet voice dumb.
Fer these are scenes that grip the heart an' when yer tears are dried,
Ye find the home is dearer than it was, an' sanctified;
An' tuggin' at ye always are the pleasant memories
O' her that was an' is no more—ye can't escape from these.

Ye've got t' sing an' dance fer years, ye've got t' romp an' play,
An' learn t' love the things ye have by usin' 'em each day;
Even the roses 'round the porch must blossom year by year
Afore they 'come a part o' ye, suggestin' someone dear
Who used to love 'em long ago, an' trained 'em jes' t' run
The way they do, so's they would get the early mornin' sun;
Ye've got t' love each brick an' stone from cellar up to dome:
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home.

From Mr. Guest's book "A Heap o' Livin'."

CHEERFULNESS

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees, and the birds, we doubt it,
And think it a world worth living in.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Eugene Field

The little toy dog is covered with dust,
But sturdy and stanch he stands;
And the little toy soldier is red with rust,
And his musket moulds in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was new,
And the soldier was passing fair,
And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue
Kissed them and put them there.

"Now, don't you go till I come," he said,
"And don't you make any noise!"
So toddling off to his trundle-bed
He dreamt of the pretty toys.
And as he was dreaming, an angel song
Awakened our Little Boy Blue,—
Oh, the years are many the years are long,
But the little toy friends are true.

Ay, faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of a little hand,
The smile of a little face.
And they wonder, as waiting these long years through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he kissed them and put them there.

✣ ✣ ✣

Life is an arrow—therefore you must know
What mark to aim at, how to use the bow;
Then draw it to the head, and let it go.

—Henry van Dyke

WHATEVER THE WEATHER MAY BE

James Whitcomb Riley

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's plaze, if ye will, an' I'll say me say,—
Supposin' to-day was the winterest day,
Wud the weather be changing because ye cried,
Or the snow be grass were ye crucified?
The best is to make yer own summer," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing, an' the smiles ye wear,
That's a-makin' the sun shine everywhere;
An' the world of gloom is a world of glee,
Wid the bird in the bush, an' the bud in the tree,
An' the fruit on the stim o' the bough," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!

"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be,
Ye can bring the Spring, wid its green an' gold,
An' the grass in the grove where the snow lies cold;
An' ye'll warm yer back, wid a smiling face,
As ye sit at yer heart, like an owld fireplace,
An' toast the toes o' yer sowl," says he,
"Whatever the weather may be," says he—
"Whatever the weather may be!"

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Every man should keep a fair-sized cemetery in which to bury the faults of his friends.

—Henry Ward Beecher

THE OPTIMIST'S CREED

Christian D. Larson

Promise Yourself—

To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind. To talk health, happiness and prosperity to every person you meet.

To make all your friends feel that there is something in them.

To look at the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.

To think only of the best, to work only for the best and expect only the best.

To be as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.

To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.

To wear a cheerful countenance at all times and give every living creature you meet a smile.

To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.

To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.

JUST SAW WOOD

Barton Reese Pogue

Don't blow your horn, or advertise
  Your virtues to the world;
Don't put your talents on parade
  With banners all unfurled;
If the folks you know don't seem to see
  That you are mighty good,
Don't sell 'em "specs" to help their eyes—
  Keep mum and just saw wood.

While men a hundred miles from here
  Are talking of your worth,
The folks at home may hardly know
  That you are on the earth,
But don't enlighten them, my friend,
  The way you feel you should.
Although you'd like to prophesy—
  Keep mum and just saw wood.

The city papers may sing your praise,
  The big men speak your name;
The things you do for human kind
  May bring you lots of fame,
But in your town you'll probably stand
  Just where you've always stood;
Don't rant and call your neighbors fools—
  Keep mum and just saw wood.

For he who saws is sure to sit
  By fires that never dim—
The work he did in those dull years
  Will all come back to him.
And when the home-folks join the rest,
  To praise him for his good,
He'll thank the Lord he kept his peace,
  And silently sawed wood.

JANE JONES

Ben King

Jane Jones keeps talkin' to me all the time,
  An' says you must make it a rule
To study your lessons 'nd work hard 'nd learn,
  An' never be absent from school.
Remember the story of Elihu Burritt,
  An' how he clum up to the top,
Got all the knowledge 'at he ever had
  Down in a blacksmithing shop?
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
  Mebbe he did—I dunno!
O' course what's a-keepin' me 'way from the top,
Is not never havin' no blacksmithing shop.

Jane Jones said Abe Lincoln had no books at all,
  An' used to split rails when a boy;
An' General Grant was a tanner by trade
  An' lived way out in Ill'nois.
So when the great war in the South first broke out
  He stood on the side o' the right,
An' when Lincoln called him to take charge o' things,
  He won nearly every blamed fight.
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
  Mebbe he did—I dunno!
Still I aint to blame, not by a big sight,
For I ain't never had any battles to fight.

She said 'at Columbus was out at the knees
  When he first thought up his big scheme,
An' told all the Spaniards 'nd Italians, too,
  An' all of 'em said 'twas a dream.
But Queen Isabella jest listened to him,
  'Nd pawned all her jewels o' worth,

'Nd bought him the Santa Maria 'nd said,
"Go hunt up the rest o' the earth!"
Jane Jones she honestly said it was so!
Mebbe he did—I dunno!
O' course that may be, but then you must allow
They ain't no land to discover jest now!

✣ ✣ ✣

TO DAD

Frank Carleton Nelson

Never had much style about him, never cared for dress;
Sort o' spent his life a sowin' seeds of happiness;
Doin' little things for others, helpin' where he could;
Never makin' much pretension, always doin' good.

Home, for him, was all for livin', filled his heart with pride,
And his doors were ever open, latch strings hung outside.
Folks who came were always welcome, loved to have them round;
Wanted much of joy and laughter, seemed to love the sound.

Had his cares and had his troubles, same as all of us;
Figured them a part of livin', never made much fuss;
Made the best of all God gave him, as through life he went,
Ever toiling, giving, taking, kind and provident.

Vain, the tribute we would pay him, words cannot express
What it meant to have him with us and our thankfulness;
Sweet, the memory he has left us, though our hearts are sad;
Great the blessing that was given, just to call him Dad.

MY SYMPHONY

William Henry Channing

To live content with small means;

To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion;

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly;

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart;

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never;

In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common;

This is my symphony.

✣ ✣ ✣

REQUIEM

Robert Louis Stevenson

Under the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
"Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

BACK TO THE FARM

Walt Mason

"I'll buy a little farm somewhere," the old man says, "and tinker there, until it's time to go to sleep, down where the bending willows weep. I know a farm I'd like to buy; it's where I lived when three feet high. It's where my father used to strive to keep the family alive. 'Twas there, in bygone, golden days, I hoed the beans and husked the maize, and dreamed of triumphs I'd achieve, when I that dreary farm could leave. To dwell in cities was my aim, to cut a swath and conquer fame, and that old sandy, rocky farm for me was quite devoid of charm. The dreams I dreamed have all come true, I've done the things I meant to do, but I am old and worn and tired, and for a long time I've desired, above all other things, to go back to the scenes I used to know." Thousands of old men talk that way; when they are bent by the years, and gray, feeble of step and weak of arm, they turn their eyes to the old home farm.

ARE YOU FEELING BLUE?

John Dale Kempster

If you wake in the morning and feel a bit blue
And wondering whatever's the matter with you,
Don't go on a grouch the rest of the day
And make other people the penalty pay,
Just try to suppress it, and put on a grin
And no one will know what has happened within;
Speak a kind word, yea! do a good deed,
And others your action will certainly heed.
'Twas long ago said, but today it is true,
As you measure to others, it's meted to you.

P. T. BARNUM'S BUSINESS RULES

1. Select the kind of business that suits your natural inclinations and temperament.
2. Let your pledged word ever be sacred.
3. Whatever you do, do with all your might.
4. Sobriety: Use no description of intoxicating liquors.
5. Let hope predominate, but be not too visionary.
6. Do not scatter your powers.
7. Engage proper employes.
8. Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel.
9. Avoid extravagance, and always live considerably within your income, if you can do so without absolute starvation.
10. Do not depend upon others.

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UNSUBDUED

S. E. Kiser

I have hoped, I have planned, I have striven,
To the will I have added the deed;
The best that was in me I've given,
I have prayed, but the gods would not heed.

I have dared and reached only disaster,
I have battled and broken my lance;
I am bruised by a pitiless master
That the weak and the timid call Chance.

I am old, I am bent, I am cheated
Of all that Youth urged me to win;
But name me not with the defeated,
To-morrow, again, I begin.

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

Percy B. Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother:
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

✣ ✣ ✣

D'ja ever see a flock o' black crows
'Bout sun-down time o' day
A-sitting in an ole dead tree
And they seem to laugh sardonically
In an evil croaking way?

Seems to me they're ole dreams o' mine
Come home to roost at night
Perched on the limbs o' Dead Hope tree
And they mock and laugh and jeer at me
Ole black dreams that once were white.

—Glenn G. Edwards

A TRIBUTE TO THE DOG

George Graham Vest

The best human friend a man has in the world may turn against him and become his enemy. His son or daughter that he has reared with loving care may prove ungrateful. Those who are nearest and dearest to us, those whom we trust with our happiness and our good name may become traitors to their faith. The money that a man has he may lose. It flies away from him, perhaps, when he needs it most. A man's reputation may be sacrificed in a moment of ill-considered action. The people who are prone to fall on their knees to do us honor when success is with us may be the first to throw the stone of malice when failure settles its cloud upon our heads. The only absolutely unselfish friend that a man can have in this selfish world, the one that never deceives him, the one that never proves ungrateful and treacherous, is his dog.

A man's dog stands by him in prosperity and in poverty, in health and in sickness. He will sleep on the cold ground where the wintry winds blow and the snow drifts fiercely, if only he may be near his master's side. He will kiss the hand that has no food to offer. He will lick the wounds and sores that come in encounter with the roughness of the world. He guards the sleep of his pauper master as if he were a prince. When all other friends desert he remains. When riches take wings and reputation falls to pieces, he is as constant in his love as the sun in its journeys through the heavens. If fortune drives the master forth an outcast in the world, friendless and homeless, the faithful dog asks no higher privilege than that of accompanying, to guard against danger, to fight against enemies, and when the last scene of all comes and when death takes the master in its em-

brace and his body is laid away in the cold ground, no matter if all other friends pursue their way, there by the graveside may the noble dog be found, his head between his paws, his eyes sad but open in alert watchfulness, faithful and true even in death.

CODE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

To work "a little harder" and with determination and intelligence.

To remember enough of the past to profit by its mistakes.

To "worry never," but to think seriously of the future, and not only of today.

To "play the game" fair.

To be cheerful and keep smiling.

To perform my duties faithfully.

To develop courage and self-reliance.

To be kind to dogs and other dumb animals.

To cultivate economy and to waste nothing of value.

To look well after my health, and spend as much time as possible in the "great out-of-doors."

To keep thoroughly posted and "know more" about the business in which I am engaged.

To ignore courteously any display of jealously or unfriendliness on the part of others.

To co-operate earnestly and sincerely with all my business associates.

These things let me resolve to do at all times and under all circumstances.

MERCY

Shakespeare

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

✣ ✣ ✣

A London magazine recently asked its subscribers what a home is, and received over eight hundred answers. Out of these, six were selected as the best. Here they are:

"Home—A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in."

"Home—A place where the small are great, and the great are small."

"Home—The father's kingdom, the mother's world, and the child's paradise."

"Home—The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best."

"Home—The center of our affection, round which our heart's best wishes twine."

"Home—The place where our stomachs get three square meals a day and our hearts, a thousand."

MORTALITY

William Knox

(Lincoln's Favorite Hymn)

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud.
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low, and the high
Shall molder to dust, and together shall lie.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have been;
We see the same sights that our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and we view the same sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have run.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud,
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

✣ ✣ ✣

Friendship by its very nature consists in loving, rather than in being loved. In other words, friendship consists in being a friend, not in having a friend.

—H. Clay Trumbull

BITS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY

Hotan-Tonka

An Indian Creed

That I may so live my life each day, that should the enemy arrow snuff it out in the twinkling of an eye; or that my foot should slip from the narrow trail over the cliff, and my body be dashed on the rocks below; or that my canoe overturn in the swift rapids, and my spirit be lost among the waters; or that I simply lie down in my wigwam at night and sleep the last long sleep, my life should be so lived that day, that I will be assured a seat at Manitou's Last Great Council Fire.

* * *

In my wanderings about the forest, I shall give, to those whom I shall meet, even as Manitou has given unto me. . . .

The Stranger

If there comes to you a stranger
Who is weary, who is hungry,
Sore beset by Evil Spirits,
Seeking for a place to rest in—
Seeking for a place of shelter;
Give him of your food and garments,
Give him of your love and friendship,
Make a place within your wigwam
Where he, too, may find contentment:
Send him on his journey, happy;
Send him forth, with strength and gladness
In his mind and in his body:
That your life may be remembered
By the Father of Creation,
And your waking hours more pleasant,
And your sleeping be more restful—
That your days shall be the longer
In the Land of the Ojibway.

COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE

Thomas Moore

Come, send round the wine, and leave points of belief
To simpleton sages and reasoning fools;
This moment's a flower too fair and too brief
To be withered and stained by the dust of the schools.
Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,
But while they are filled from the same bright bowl,
The fool who would quarrel for difference of hue
Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side,
In the cause of mankind, if our creeds may agree?
Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,
If he kneel not before the same altar with me?
From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No! Perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valor, or love, by a standard like this!

✣ ✣ ✣

SLEEP

John Godfrey Saxe

"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"
So Sancho Panza said, and so say I:
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monoply by patent-right!

So let us sleep and give the Maker praise.
I like the lad who, when his father thought
To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
Cried, "Served him right!—it's not at all surprising;
The worm was punished, sir, for early rising!"

THE PACKAGE OF SEEDS

Edgar A. Guest

I paid a dime for a package of seeds
And the clerk tossed it out with a flip.
"We've got 'em assorted for every man's needs,"
He said, with a smile on his lip,
"Pansies and poppies and asters and peas—
Ten cents a package! And pick as you please!"

Now seeds are just dimes to the man in the store,
And dimes are the things that he needs;
And I've been to buy them in seasons before,
But have thought of them merely as seeds;
But it flashed through my mind as I took them this time,
"You have purchased a miracle here for a dime!"

"You've a dime's worth of power which no man can create,
You've a dime's worth of life in your hand!
You've a dime's worth of mystery, destiny, fate,
Which the wisest cannot understand.
In this bright little package—now isn't it odd?—
You've a dime's worth of something known only to God!"

These are seeds, but the plants and the blossoms are here
With their petals of various hues;
In these little pellets, so dry and so queer,
There is power which no chemist can fuse.
Here is one of God's miracles soon to unfold.
Thus for ten cents an ounce is Divinity sold!

From Mr. Guest's Book, "The Light of Faith."

LOVE

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not Love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not Love, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not Love, it profiteth me nothing. *—I Cor. XIII*

✣ ✣ ✣

LOVE is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the babe, and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the Mother of Art, the inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher. It is the air and light to tired souls—builder of every home, kindler of every fire on every hearth. It was the first to dream of immortality. It fills the world with melody—enchanter that changes worthless things to joy, and makes right-loyal kings and queens of common clay. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower, the heart, and without that sacred passion, that divine swoon, we are less than beasts; but with it, earth is heaven and we are gods. *—Robert G. Ingersoll*

✣ ✣ ✣

It is better to be alone than in bad company.

Think before you speak.

In your apparel be modest.

Wherein you reprove another, be unblamable yourself.

Let your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of everyone.

Be courteous to all, but intimate with few; true friendship is a plant of slow growth. *—George Washington*

WATCH YOURSELF GO BY

Strickland Gillilan

Just stand aside and watch yourself go by;
Think of yourself as "he" instead of "I."
Note closely, as another man you note,
The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat;
Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you,
And strive to make your estimate ring true;
Confront yourself and look you in the eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though
You looked on one whose aims you did not know.
Let undisguised contempt surge through you when
You see you shirk, O commonest of men!
Despise your cowardice; condemn whate'er
You note of falseness in you anywhere.
Defend not one defect that shames your eye—
Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe—
To sins with that sweet charity you'd clothe—
Back to your self-walled tenement you'll go
With tolerance for all who dwell below.
The faults of others then will dwarf and shrink,
Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link—
When you with "he" as substitute for "I"
Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

✣ ✣ ✣

Here's to the woman who has a smile for every joy, a tear for every sorrow, a consolation for every grief, an excuse for every fault, a prayer for every misfortune, an encouragement for every hope. —*Sainte Foix*

TO-DAY MAY BE THE DAY

Douglas Malloch

The morn is here. To-day may be the day!
Men go to rest each night with but a dream,
That ere another nightfall may come true—
The brave explorer, the inventor gray,
The seeker after nuggets in the stream,
And all who plan and plod and dare and do.

The morn is here. To-day may be your own!
Up then with all the faith of all the past
And carry on with all the vim of old—
To-day your prow may touch a land unknown,
Your mind discover what you seek at last,
And in the dirt of labor gleam the gold.

The morn is here. Yea, you have sought for long,
And seen night come, and still unfound the quest,
Until the months, the years, have rolled away;
But let this hope still keep your heart as strong
As when the dream first stirred within your breast:
The morn is here—to-day may be the day!

From Mr. Malloch's book, "The Heart Content."

CARPE DIEM

Live while you live, Life calls for all your powers;
This instant day your utmost strength demands.
He wastes himself who stops to watch the sands,
And, miser-like, hoards up the golden hours.

—William Henry Hudson

SONG OF THE OPEN ROAD

Walt Whitman

Afoot and light-hearted, I take to the open road,
Healthy, free, the world before me,
The long brown path before me, leading wherever I choose.
Henceforth I ask not good fortune—I myself am good fortune;
Henceforth I whimper no more, postpone no more, need nothing,
Strong and content, I travel the open road.

. . . . . .

Let the paper remain on the desk unwritten, and the book on the shelf unopen'd!
Let the tools remain in the workshop! let the money remain unearn'd!
Let the school stand! mind not the cry of the teacher!
Let the preacher preach in his pulpit! let the lawyer plead in the court, and the judge expound the law. . . . .
I will scatter myself among men and women as I go;
I will toss the new gladness and roughness among them.

✣ ✣ ✣

I HAVE HAD MY HOUR

Horace

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own;
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine;
Not heaven itself upon the past has power,
But what has been, has been, and
I have had my hour.

KINDNESS

Andrew Chapman

I often wonder why people do not make more of the marvelous power there is in Kindness. It is the greatest lever to move the hearts of men that the world has ever known—greater by far than anything that mere ingenuity can devise or subtlety suggest. Kindness is the kingpin of success in life; it is the prime factor in overcoming friction and making the human machinery run smoothly. If a man is your enemy you cannot disarm him in any other way so surely as by doing him a kind act. The meanest brute that ever drew breath is not altogether insensible to the influence of kindness. . . . . Kindness makes the whole world akin. It breaks down the barriers of distrust, deceit, envy, jealousy, hate and all their miserable train.

✣ ✣ ✣

IT MAY BE

S. E. Kiser

It may be that you cannot stay
To lend a friendly hand to him
Who stumbles on the slippery way,
Pressed by conditions hard and grim;
It may be that you dare not heed
His call for help, because you lack
The strength to lift him, but you need
Not push him back.

It may be that he has not won
The right to hope for your regard;
He may in folly have begun
The course that he has found so hard;
It may be that your fingers bleed,
That Fortune turns a bitter frown
Upon your efforts. but you need
Not kick him down.

"HULLO!"

Sam Walter Foss

W'en you see a man in woe,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"
Say "hullo," and' "how d'ye do!"
"How's the world a usin' you?"
Slap the fellow on his back,
Bring your han' down with a whack;
Waltz right up, an' don't go slow,
Grin an' shake an' say "hullo!"

Is he clothed in rags? O sho!
Walk right up an' say "hullo!"
Rags is but a cotton roll
Jest for wrappin' up a soul;
An' a soul is worth a true
Hale an' hearty "how d'ye do!"
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say "hullo!"

W'en big vessels meet, they say,
They saloot an' sail away.
Jest the same are you an' me,
Lonesome ships upon a sea:
Each one sailing his own jog
For a port beyond the fog.
Let your speakin' trumpet blow,
Lift your horn an' cry "hullo!"

Say "hullo," an' "how d'ye do!"
Other folks are good as you.
W'en you leave your house of clay,
Wanderin' in the Far-Away,
W'en you travel through the strange
Country t'other side the range,
Then the souls you've cheered will know
Who you be, an' say "hullo!"

THE BRIDGE-BUILDER

Miss Will Allen Dromgoole

An old man going a lone highway
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and wide and steep,
With waters rolling cold and deep.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,
The sullen stream had no fears for him;
But he turned when safe on the other side,
And built a bridge to span the tide.
"Old man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You are wasting your strength with building here.
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way.
You've crossed the chasm, deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at eventide?"
The builder lifted his old gray head;
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A youth whose feet must pass this way.
The chasm that was as naught to me
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him!"

A friend! What is a friend? My friend is he who laughs with me, who weeps with me: one who encourages, praises, rebukes; who eats terrapin and turkey or bread and salt with me: who comes to me at the wedding feast, or stands with me beside the coffin: who listens to my hopes, my fears, my aims, my despair: who rejoices in my successes: who does not despise me in my misfortunes. —*Chicago Tribune*

OPPORTUNITY

Walter Malone

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and rise to fight and win.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the dead past with the dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Wail not for precious moments passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

When deep in mire wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say "I can!"
No shame-faced outcast ever sank so deep,
But yet might rise and be again a man.

Dost thou behold thy lost youth all aghast?
Dost reel from righteous retribution's blow?
Then turn from blotted archives of the past,
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Rouse thee from thy spell.
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven.
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell,
Each night a star to guide thy feet to heaven.

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on. —*Abraham Lincoln*

THAT VALENTINE

Ben King

Once, I remember, years ago
I sent a tender valentine;
I know it caused a deal of woe.
Once, I remember, years ago,
Her father's boots were large, you know.
I do regret the hasty line.
Once, I remember, years ago
I sent a tender valentine.

I know I never can forget
I sent the tender valentine;
Somehow or other I regret,
But how I never can forget.
But then, I know, I know I met
Her father. Oh, what grief was mine.
I know I never shall forget
I sent a tender valentine.

♣ ♣ ♣

We just shake hands at meeting
With many that come nigh;
We nod the head in greeting
To many that go by,—
But welcome through the gateway
Our few old friends and true;
Then hearts leap up, and straightway
There's open house for you,
Old friends,
There's open house for you!

—*Gerald Massey*

I AM CONTENT

John Burroughs

The longer I live the more my mind dwells upon the beauty and wonder of the world. . . . .

I have loved the feel of the grass under my feet, and the sound of the running streams by my side. The hum of the wind in the tree-tops has always been good music to me, and the face of the fields has often comforted me more than the faces of men.

I am in love with this world; by my constitution I have nestled lovingly in it. It has been home. It has been my point of outlook into the universe. I have not bruised myself against it, nor tried to use it ignobly.

I have tilled its soil, I have gathered its harvests, I have waited upon its seasons, and always have I reaped what I have sown.

While I delved I did not lose sight of the sky overhead. While I gathered its bread and meat for my body, I did not neglect to gather its bread and meat for my soul.

I have climbed its mountains, roamed its forests, sailed its waters, crossed its deserts, felt the sting of its frosts, the oppression of its heats, the drench of its rains, the fury of its winds, and always have beauty and joy waited upon my goings and comings.

✣ ✣ ✣

Life, we have been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps, 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime
Bid me good-morning.

—Anna Letitia Barbauld

IF I HAD KNOWN

If I had known, when your kind eyes
  Met mine in parting, true and sad—
Eyes gravely tender, gently wise,
  And earnest, rather, more than glad—
How soon the lids would lie above,
  As cold and white as sculptured stone,
I should have treasured every glance—
  If I had known.

If I had known to what strange place,
  What mystic, distant, silent shore,
You calmly turned your steadfast face,
  What time your footsteps left my door,
I should have forged a golden link
  To bind the hearts so constant grown,
And kept it constant ever there—
  If I had known.

If I had known how soon for you
  Drew near the ending of the fight,
And on your vision, fair and new,
  Eternal peace dawned into sight,
I should have begged, as love's last gift,
  That you, before God's great white throne,
Would pray for your poor friend on earth—
  If I had known.

✣ ✣ ✣

Life has its crystal days, its rare hours of a stainless beauty, and a joy so pure that we may dare to call in the flowers to rejoice with us, and the language of the birds ceases to be an unknown tongue. Our real life as we look back seems to have been lived in those days that we love so tenderly. —*Mary Cholmondeley*

IF I SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

Robert C. V. Meyers

If I should die to-night,
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,
Some gentle word the frozen lips had said:
Errands on which the willing feet had sped—
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words, would all be put aside,
And so I should be mourned to-night.

Oh, friends, I pray to-night,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow,
The way is lonely; let me feel them now.
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
The tenderness for which I long to-night.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A HAPPY LIFE

Tony

Find the work you love and do it in spite of thunder. Be moderate in everything: food, drink, work, rest, and all bodily desires. Serve yourself by serving others. Get money, but don't let money get you. Let no man say of you that you mistreated any living creature. Let your constant aim be to bring a bit of sunshine into the life of every being you meet. Don't worry, laugh often — you will be happy.

OPPORTUNITY

John J. Ingalls

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk. I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake: if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more!

LIFE IS LARGELY WHAT WE MAKE IT

John Dale Kempster

Life surely is a see-saw thing;
We never know just what 'twill bring.
Sometimes it lifts us "high in air"
Where skies are blue, and all is fair;
Sometimes it "bumps" us down to earth
Mid gloomy days of little worth;
But never mind how dark the clouds
Nor blue the thoughts, that come in crowds,
We know somewhere the sun is shining
And every cloud hath silver lining;
So lift your head, throw out your chest,
Put on a smile and do your best,
Stand firm in will, there's naught can break it,
For after all, Life's what we make it.

FRIENDS

George W. Childs

Do not keep the alabaster box of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier. The kind things you mean to say when they are gone, say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin, send to brighten and sweeten their homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary and troubled hours and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without flowers, a funeral without a eulogy, than a life without the sweetness and love emanating from sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends while they are yet among the living. Post-mortem kindness does not cheer the burdened heart; flowers on the coffn cast no fragrance backward over the weary way.

✣ ✣ ✣

DON'T ECONOMIZE IN LOVE

"Be a spendthrift in love," said the late Dr. Frank Crane.

"Don't economize in love.

"Love is the one exception. It is the one treasure that grows bigger the more you take from it. Love is the one business in which it pays to be a spendthrift.

"Give it away, throw it away, splash it over, empty your pockets, shake the basket, turn the glass upside own, and tomorrow you shall have more than ever."

INVICTUS

William E. Henley

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods there be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul!

✣ ✣ ✣

THE WAY TO SUCCEED

"Be up to date," says the Calendar.
"Push," says the Button.
"Take Pains," said the Window.
"Never be led," warns the Pencil.
"Make Light of Everything," says the Fire.
"Be sharp in your dealings," says the Knife.
"When you find a good thing, stick to it," advises the Glue.

LIFE'S MIRROR

Madeline S. Bridges

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
  There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best shall come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
  A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
  Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
  'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
  And the best will come back to you.

✣ ✣ ✣

For two alone, there in the hall,
Is spread the table round and small;
Upon the polished silver shine
The evening lamps; but, more divine,
The light of love shines over all;
Of love that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours in mine and thine.

They want no guests, to come between
Their tender glances like a screen,
And tell them tales of land and sea,
And whatsoever may betide
The great, forgotten world outside;
They want no guests; they needs must be
Each other's own best company.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

John Boyle O'Reilly

I am tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men;
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
  And spoiling and building again,
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away;
For a dreamer lives forever
  And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie:
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor
  I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure:
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh! the little hands too skillful,
  And the child mind choked with weeds!
The daughter's heart grown willful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! From the street's rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the wood's low rustle
  And the meadow's kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

WAITING

John Burroughs

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruits of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

✣ ✣ ✣

The first thing to learn about driving an automobile is how to stop. The same applies to making a speech.

OLD FRIENDSHIP STREET

Theodosia Garrison

Love led me to an unknown land and fain was I to go;
From peak to peak a weary way he lures me to and fro;
On narrow ledge and dizzy height he dares my wayworn feet—
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

It's there one knew the level road, the even grass-grown way;
My brain grew never wildered there, my feet might never stray;
But here I quarrel for the path with every soul I meet—
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

It's here I find no gracious hand to close within my own,
But there one never raised a song to find he sang alone;
And always at a neighbor's hearth were kindly glass and seat—
I would that I were back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

I'm sick of awful depths and heights, I'm sick of storm and strife;
I'll let love lead for bolder folk and take my ease in life.
I know whose voice will hail me first, whose welcoming be sweet—
It's I am going back again to walk Old Friendship Street.

✣ ✣ ✣

It don' make no difference what brand of polish you uses; you has got to mix elbow grease wid it to make it shine the shoes. —*Lucky Sambo*

HOME FOLKS

Ruth Yoland Shaw

Home folks — love 'em, well I guess,
Hearts jest made of real kindness;
Miss 'em — I should say I do,
Don't find many folks as true.
Seems like now I jes' can hear
Home folks words of love and cheer,
Knowin' I've a welcome there
Truer an' warmer'n anywhere.

Home folks ain't jes' family kin,
They're the folks with whom you've been
Reared and raised for years an' years,
Minglin' all your smiles an' tears
Till they seem a part o' you
From yer childhood clear on through,
Standin' by you, lose or win,
Same as real blood, kith an' kin.

Makes no difference what you do,
Seems like homefolks still stay true;
Overlookin' wayward ways,
Jes' rememberin' happy days,
Er when praise is but yer due
Fer some thing you've tried to do,
Home folks hands are quick to clasp
Yours in proud an' hearty grasp.

Stranger folks are purty nice,
Distant things lure an' entice,
But I like home folks the bes'!
Bein' with 'em's like a res'.
When death comes an' I must go,
Wish that I could only know
That there'd be some home folks nigh,
Sorter watchin', lingerin' by.

MY WORK

Roscoe Gilmore Stott

There was no ordination,
No laying on of hands,
No sober rites, no half-dimmed lights,
No pomp, no blaring bands;
I merely found some work to do
And did it—none too well, 'tis true.

And yet my work is sacred,
And God looks down to see
The beads of sweat, nor will forget
My store of energy;
I love to think my Master's eye
Will view good work before I die.

There was no ordination;
I was not set apart;
In my crude task pray do not ask
Some hidden touch or art;
Yet day by day I someway know
That in this humble work—I grow!

✣ ✣ ✣

If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch: you will make misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you: you will be as wretched as you choose.

—*Charles Kingsley*

THE ISLE OF LONG AGO

Benjamin F. Taylor

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of Tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
A broader sweep and a surge sublime
And blends with the ocean of Years.

How the winters are drifting like flakes of snow!
And the summers like buds between;
And the years in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the River's breast with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we loved them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer,
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;

And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar,
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the River is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed Isle,
All the day of our life till night,
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closing in slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING"

Uncle Billy

That is not true. You, yes you . . . are only a tenant here, and your rent is due, daily in advance, and is payable only in good citizenship. Have you paid? If not, why not? If you are interested in yourself I will now introduce you to the most aristocratic family in the world—

THE SUCCESS FAMILY

The father of Success is Work.
The mother of Success is Ambition.
The oldest son is Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm and Cooperation.
The oldest daughter is Character.
Some of her sisters are: Cheerfulness, Loyalty, Care, Courtesy, Economy, Sincerity and Harmony.
The baby is Opportunity.

Get acquainted with the "Old Man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with the rest of the family.

CHARITY

Nixon Waterman

When your brother man you measure,
  Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure;
  Overlook the rest.
Though, of his, some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him — it will make him better;
  Take him at his best.

Do not note his limitations;
  Take him at his best:
Toward his nobler aspirations,
  Aid him in his quest.
If you'll tenderly inquire,
You'll find something to admire;
With that lever lift him higher;
  Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising;
  Take him at his best:
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
  Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon or scold him;
In the strength of faith enfold him;
To his highest yearning mold him;
  Take him at his best.

✣ ✣ ✣

Happiness is the only good. The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy is to help make others so.

—*Robert G. Ingersoll*

AT THE CIRCUS

James M. Woodman

Of all th' things a feller sees,
From dancin' bears to fightin' fleas;
The zebras an' giraffes an' things
That crawl or move about on wings:—
To me there's one thing which alone
Is best of all—
th' slide trombone.

Th' elephants an' monkeys too;
Th' camels an' th' kangaroo;
Th' lions an' th' tiger-cat;
An' clowns in funny dress an' hat,
Are great, but still I'll have t' own—
Th' best of all's—
th' slide trombone.

When he who plays that horn takes flight
An' hits th' upper scale just right;
An' then drops down past lower "C,"
He sends a 'lectric shock, by gee!
Right down my back,—an' I have grown
T' like it best—
th' slide trombone.

✣ ✣ ✣

Fashions may come and fashions may go,
And fads for a short time beguile,
But a person will always look stylish and smart
When wearing a jovial smile.

THE HAPPY LIFE

Sir Henry Wotton

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Nor vice, who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise
Nor rules of State, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend!

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall!
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all!

✣ ✣ ✣

An OPTIMIST is a man who does the best he can under all circumstances—HOPEFULLY.

THE NOBLE NATURE

Ben Jonson

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night—
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

✣ ✣ ✣

LIFE

Henry van Dyke

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul.
Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
My heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the best.

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THE DISAPPOINTED

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

There are songs enough for the hero
  Who dwells on the heights of fame;
I sing of the disappointed —
  For those who have missed their aim.

I sing for the breathless runner,
  The eager, anxious soul,
Who falls with his strength exhausted,
  Almost in sight of the goal;

For the hearts that break in silence,
  With a sorrow all unknown,
For those who need companions,
  Yet walk their ways alone.

There are songs enough for the lovers
  Who share love's tender pain,
I sing for the one whose passion
  Is given all in vain.

And I know the solar system
  Must somewhere keep in space
A prize for that spent runner
  Who barely lost the race.

For the plan would be imperfect
  Unless it held some sphere
That paid for the toil and talent
  And love that are wasted here.

Wherever there is a human being there is an opportunity for a kindness. —*Seneca*

LI'L' HOUN' PUP

J. H. Mullin

Li'l' houn' pup, yo' jes' so full o' play,
Scamp'n' 'round da fiah, always in da way.
Don' yo' know yo' mammy's out now lookin' fo' a bone
Fo' da li'l' houn' pup she left tuh home?
An' yo' bin jes' as bad as yo' kin be—
Chas'd dat po' kitten up da tree,
Den drink huh milk — ain't yo' 'shamed?

Li'l' houn' pup, yo' gotta be trained,
W'en yo' gits big 'n few months mo,'
Yo' not goin' fool 'round heah, dat's sho'.
Yo's goin' l'arn w'en da ain't no moon
Tuh trac' da 'pos'm an' tree da 'coon.
Lis'n hunny — now don' bat yo' eye —
Yo' goin' have heep o' tr'uble by an' by.
Maybe yo'll have tuh fight a big ol' griz'l' b'ar;
Howja like tuh see 'm stan'n' ovah thar?
Big ol' groun' hog maybe'll eat yo' up!
Try'n scaiah yo', eh, li'l' houn' pup?

Ah, don' yo' 'fraid so, li'l' pup wif yaller eah's,
An' yo' big broun eyes 'bout full o' teahs.
Look out dat winder, pup! Yo' mammy's comin' now
Wif ah great big ju'cy bone fo' yo'!
Wow! !

It's easy enough to be grouchy
When things aren't coming your way,
But the prize old growl
Is the man who will howl
When everything's going O. K.

THE STATESMAN

Walt Mason

The statesman throws his shoulders back and straightens out his tie,
And says, "My friends, unless it rains the weather will be dry."
And when this thought into our brains has percolated through,
We common people nod our heads and loudly cry, "How true!"
The statesman blows his massive nose and clears his august throat,
And says, "The ship will never sink so long as it's afloat."
Whereat we roll our solemn eyes, applaud with main and might,
And slap each other on the back, the while we say, "He's right!"
The statesman waxes stern and warm, his drone becomes a roar,
He yells, "I say to you, my friends, that two and two make four!"
And thereupon our doubts dissolve, our fears are put to rout,
And we agree that here's a man who knows what he's about.

✣ ✣ ✣

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life and every setting sun be to you as its close; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourself.

—*John Ruskin*

WHATEVER IS—IS BEST

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

I know as my life grows older,
And mine eyes have clearer sight—
That under each rank wrong, somewhere
There lies the root of right;
That each sorrow has a purpose,
By sorrowing oft unguessed.
But as sure as the sun brings morning,
Whatever is—is best.

I know that each sinful action,
As sure as the night brings shade,
Is somewhere, sometime punished,
Tho' the hour be long delayed.
I know that the soul is aided
Sometimes by the heart's unrest,
And to grow means often to suffer—
But whatever is—is best.

I know there are no errors,
In the great eternal plan,
And all things work together
For the final good of man.
And I know as my soul speeds onward,
In its great eternal quest,
I shall say as I look back earthward,
Whatever is—is best.

The man with the average mentality, but with control; with a definite goal, and a clear conception of how it can be gained, and above all, with the power of application and labor, wins in the end.

—William H. Taft

MY CASTLE

Florence Borner

Fast within the walls of Somewhere,
  On the stream of Bye and Bye,
I can see its turrets rising,
  Close against the distant sky;
Through its lofty halls I wander,
  While the moonlight sheds its beams
On each treasured thing of beauty,
  In the castle of my dreams.

Could I take you to my stronghold,
  You would ask that you might stay,
Where the birds in joyful chorus,
  Chant the songs of yesterday;
Where the golden light of fancy,
  Like some distant beacon gleams,
Guiding on to scenes of rapture,
  In the castle of my dreams.

✣ ✣ ✣

ACHIEVEMENT

Mrs. A. J. Stanley

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

THE LOST LOVE

William Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
  Beside the springs of Dove;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
  And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone
  Half-hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
  Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
  When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and O!
  The difference to me!

LOVELIEST OF TREES

A. E. Housman

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
  Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
  Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
  Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
  It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
  Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
  To see the cherry hung with snow.

BLIND LOVE

Van H. Eshelman

She knows her groceries, I guess;
She knows her onions, I confess;
She knows more than I can express.
I know you couldn't realize
How much she knows, she is so wise—
On any theme she can advise.
She knows the things that I do not
(And that is saying quite a lot);
When she speaks, all I say is, "What?"
I only wish that I could tell
The things she does one-half so well,
But I am just a plain dumbbell.
She is as wise as she can be,
But there's one thing she cannot see,
And that is—why she married me!

THE MEETING

S. E. Kiser

One day in Paradise
  Two angels, beaming, strolled
Along the amber walk that lies
  Beside the street of gold.

At last they met and gazed
  Into each other's eyes,
Then dropped their harps, amazed,
  And stood in mute surprise.

And other angels came,
  And, as they lingered near,
Heard both at once exclaim:
  "Say, how did you get here?"

IT ALLUS HAS

The rain it poured,
The sea it roared,
The sky was draped in black.
The old ship rolled,
She pitched and bowled,
And lost her charted track!
"Oh dear, oh dear!
Sir, will it clear?"
Loud wailed a dame on deck.
As they heaved the lead
The skipper said:
"It allus has, by heck!"

THE SALUTATION OF THE DAWN

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day! For it is Life,
The very Life of Life.
In its brief course lies all the Varieties
And Realities of your Existence;
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendor of Beauty:
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision;
But To-day well lived
Makes every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness,
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

—From the Sanskrit

"UNTO HIS MEASURES MOVETH THE WHOLE"

Elizabeth Browning

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

✣ ✣ ✣

Let Fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long be my heart with such memories fill'd!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distill'd—
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

—*Thomas Moore*

CRAFTSMANSHIP

Clyde B. Morgan

To the man who is ever in earnest,
  Who is proud of the words, "well done,"
Who sees in his toil the stepping stone,
  To his birthright under the sun;

Who delights in the lore of his life work
  And thinks of the golden day
When work was done by the masters
  In a loving, devotional way;

Who revives for the sake of the spirit
  The soul of his dignified trade;
And feels that the type he composes,
  Are things that his God has made;

Who sees with his eyes wide open,
  The joys of this life worth-while,
When drudgery, toil, is forgotten—
  Is dispersed with the light of a smile;

Who knows that his work-day is pregnant
  With a host of troublesome care,
But who feels that his labor is honest,
  Abounding in peace, unaware;

To the man who is really in earnest,
  Who knows that each sunshiny day
Is blessed by the work he produces,
  Which is measured not merely by pay,

Is given the honor of Craftsman,
  Who works for the pleasure it brings;
Whose days are resplendent and happy
  In the doing of beautiful things.

"UNTO THE LEAST"

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Those homelier wildflowers, which we call weeds; yellow japanned buttercups and star-disked dandelions, lying in the grass, like sparks that have leaped from the kindling sun of summer; the profuse daisy-like flower which whitens the fields, to the great disgust of liberal shepherds, yet seems fair to loving eyes, with its button-like mound of gold set round with milk-white rays; the tall-stemmed succory, setting its pale blue flowers aflame one after another; the red and white clovers; the broad, flat leaves of the plantain — "the white man's foot," as the Indians called it — those common growths which fling themselves to be crushed under our feet and our wheels, making themselves so cheap in this perpetual martyrdom that we forget, each of them is a ray of the divine beauty.

✣ ✣ ✣

I expect to pass through this life but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to any fellow being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again. —*Stephen Grellet.*

✣ ✣ ✣

I love the man that can smile in trouble. That can gather strength from distress and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink, but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.

—*Thomas Paine*

FORCE OF HABIT

Frank L. Adams

Business is dull; can't sell a thing,
The dog won't play; the canary won't sing,
The radio statics; the wife has the flu;
Got a bill today saying, "The rent is due."
Tires are all flat on the family bus,
Got a thousand things to make me cuss.
Yet I met a friend on the street today,
Who had the ungodly nerve to say:
"How are you, old top? You're looking fine,
Without even a worry to burden your mind."
I answered him back, strange, but it's true:
"I'm fine, old fellow, how's things by you?"
This is the thought I wish to bring
The Force of Habit is a Powerful Thing!

A TOAST TO THE GIRL

Here's health to the girl who can dance like a dream,
  And the girl who can pound the piano;
A health to the girl who writes verse by the ream
  Or tops with high C in soprano;
To the girl who can talk and the girl who does not;
  To the saint and the sweet little sinner;
But *here's* to the cleverest girl of the lot—
  The girl who can cook a good dinner.

Salt your food with humor, pepper it with wit and sprinkle over it the charm of fellowship. Never poison it with the cares of life.

BEFORE — AND THEN

Strickland Gillilan

He used to prove, beyond the last frail doubt,
That, when life's feeble candle had burnt out —
Taking with it the spirit we had known —
That which remained was but a clod, a stone,
Or any other soulless thing we knew —
Faultless his logic, so we deemed it true.

Years came to him, with love and all it brings —
Wife and some children. One, on angel wings
Fled ere a year he'd nestled in the heart
Of our wise friend. Today I saw him start
Upon a little, day-long business trip —
He hid a baby's scuffed shoe in his grip.

✣ ✣ ✣

WOODROW WILSON'S FAVORITE LIMERICK

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome by far,
But my face, I don't mind it.
For I am behind it;
It's the people in front that I jar.

✣ ✣ ✣

Ruth rode in my new cycle car,
In the seat in back of me;
I took a bump at fifty-five,
And rode on ruthlessly.

HARD WORK

Walt Mason

It's hard to keep smiling when troubles are piling their weight on your neck till it's sprained; it's hard to keep grinning when others are winning the prizes for which you have strained. It's hard to be cheery on days wet and dreary, when everything near you looks drowned; it's hard to be sunny when all of your money is sunk in a hole in the ground. It's hard to keep laughing when wearily quaffing the flagon of grief to the dregs; it's harder to frolic when you have the colic, or gout in the end of your legs. But how will it aid you, when woe has waylaid you, to rumple and grumble and swear? There's nothing that's healing in kicking the ceiling, or biting the rungs from the chair. It's hard to look pleasant when anguish is present, and yet it is strictly worth while; not all of your scowling and fussing and growling can show off your grit like a smile.

✣ ✣ ✣

Fresh air, moderate exercise, plain food, regular sleep, and kind thoughts will heal you of your diseases, pluck from memory its rooted sorrows, and put you close to all the good there is. —*Elbert Hubbard*

✣ ✣ ✣

I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.
—*Abraham Lincoln*

THE WORKADAY TRIO

Berton Braley

If your nose is close to the grindstone rough
And you hold it down there long enough,
In time you'll say there is no such thing
As brooks that babble, or birds that sing;
These three will all your world compose —
Just you — the stone — and your poor old nose.

Yet buds do blossom, and lanes are green,
And woods do lure with an ardor keen,
Anl leaves are rustling and skies are there,
No matter whether you see or care;
And how can they come, do you suppose,
To you, and the stone, and your poor old nose?

If to go and seek them you still refuse,
It doesn't hurt them — it's you that lose.
For the zephyrs whisper and lovers sigh,
Whatever you doubt, disclaim, deny!
And the world's a rhyme — while you're but prose —
Yes, you, and the stone, and your poor old nose.

✣ ✣ ✣

PERSEVERANCE

Goethe

We must not hope to be mowers
  And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Unless we have first been sowers
  And watered the furrows with tears.
It is not just as we take it,
  This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield as we make it
  A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

THE OLD TIMES

Wallace Bruce Amsbary

What's this talk 'bout the ol' times,
An' the things thet 'at use ter be —
W'en things is jus' about as bright
As fer as I kin see?
I may be a little balder — an the furrows on my brow
May run a little deeper —
An' I stoop more — I'll allow —
But my heart's as young an' gushin'
As a sprightly yearlin' colt,
An' on the good things in this world —
I have as strong a holt —
As when I sparked my Tilly Ann
In the Fall of fifty-three,
As we sot upon a split-rail fence —
An' she gave her heart to me.

What! them times better'n these times?
It's all a lot o' trash —
I can take that doctern out the bag
An' smash it all to smash.
Let the years pile on your body old —
But allus try to keep
The spring o' love a gushin'
So the sun can allus peep
Way down into your very soul
Where joy is biding there;
The thing that puts to grief,
Old age's dread despair,
Don't bow down to times 'at's gone —
Old wrinkles, an' gray hairs —
An' you'll find it smoother farin'
To the shiny Golden Stairs.

WHO ARE MY PEOPLE?

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

My people? Who are they?
I went into the church where the congregation
Worshipped my God. Were they my people?
I felt no kinship to them as they knelt there.
My people! Where are they?
I went into the land where I was born,
Where men spoke my language . . .
I was a stranger there.
"My people," my soul cried, "Who are my people?"

Last night in the rain I met an old man
Who spoke a language I do not speak,
Which marked him as one who does not know my God.
With apologetic smile he offered me
The shelter of his patched umbrella.
I met his eyes . . . And then I knew . . .

✣ ✣ ✣

The most lovable and livable quality that any human being can possess is tolerance. Tolerance is the vision that enables us to see things from another's point of view. It is the generosity of spirit that conceded to others the right to their own opinion and individuality. It is the breadth of mind that enables us to want those whom we love and respect to be happy in their own way and not in our way.

✣ ✣ ✣

What is the secret of making friends? There is no secret. Friends, like all good things in this life, can be had by anyone who wants them. There is only one simple rule to follow; it is this: To have a friend, be one yourself.

HAPPINESS

Carl Sandburg

I asked professors who teach the meaning of life to tell me what is happiness.
And I went to famous executives who boss the work of thousands of men.
They all shook their heads and gave me a smile as though I was trying to fool with them.
And then one Sunday afternoon I wandered out along the Desplaines river
And I saw a crowd of Hungarians under the trees with their women and children and a keg of beer and an accordion.

✣ ✣ ✣

All things come to him who waits;
But here's a rule that's slicker;
The man who goes for what he wants
Will get it all the quicker.

✣ ✣ ✣

CHARACTER

F. G. Budlong

Look into the face of a man who has fought no great temptation and endured no supreme sorrow, and you will find little there to rouse your admiration. Look at the one who has weathered a great grief, like a mighty ocean liner plowing through a tempest, and you observe strength and grace in every lineament. The expression in your eye, the lines in your face, the quality of your smile, the tones of your voice, tell the story, without your being conscious of it, whether your soul has faced its Gethsemane with manly courage or with shaming compromise and cowardly surrender.

THE ANGEL

Wilbur D. Nesbit

Carve me an angel, sculptor, and let your stone be white,
So white that it will shimmer, reflecting back the light;
Give it a semblance, sculptor, a form and shape like this:
A lassie wee and drowsy, who gives a goodnight kiss,
Too weary from all her playing to open her lips to speak—
And carve the chubby fingers that touch her mother's cheek;
Ah, and she needs no halo—simply a wayward curl;
That is an angel, sculptor—somebody's little girl.

. . . . . .

Carve us a mother holding her baby in her arms,
Wonderful, tender, hopeful, sweet she must be and wise,
And with the light of heaven glimmering in her eyes.
That is an angel, sculptor—see that you carve it sure,
Showing the love that surges out from a soul all pure.

Carve me an angel, sculptor. Carve us a woman, old,
And grave in all the wrinkles her withered cheeks must hold—
Wrinkles that tell of sorrow, lines that the laughs have left,
Give her the knotted fingers no longer quick and deft;
Bend her with stress of toiling, bow her with weight of years,
Show us the golden beauty wrought of her smiles and tears;
Tell in the stone the story, how she is wan and worn
Through all her self-denial for the ones that she has borne.
That is an angel, sculptor. Grave it, and carve it so,
And all the world will see it— see it, and bow, and know.

From Mr. Nesbit's book, "The Paths of Long Ago."

DO YOU FEAR THE WIND?

Hamlin Garland

Do you fear the force of the wind,
The slash of the rain?
Go face them and fight them,
Be savage again.
Go hungry and cold like the wolf,
Go wade like the crane;
The palms of your hands will thicken,
The skin of your cheek will tan,
You'll grow ragged and weary and swarthy,
But you'll walk like a man.

✣ ✣ ✣

To miss a kiss
Is more amiss
Than it would be
To kiss a miss;
Provided that
The kiss you miss
The miss herself
Would never miss.
But if you try
To kiss a miss
With whom a kiss
Would be amiss
You'd better always
Miss the kiss.

✣ ✣ ✣

Great it is to believe the dream
When we stand in youth by the starry stream;
But a greater thing is to fight life thru
And say at the end, "The dream is true!"

A SIGN IN AN OLD RESTAURANT

We go to work
To earn the dough
To buy the bread
To gain the strength
To go to work.

✣ ✣ ✣

It is not what men eat but what they digest that makes them strong; not what we gain, but what we save that makes us rich; not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned; and not what we preach, but what we practice that makes us Christians. These are great but common truths, often forgotten by the glutton, the spendthrift, the bookworm and the hypocrite.

—Bacon

✣ ✣ ✣

Teach me your mood, O patient stars!
Who climb each night the ancient sky,
Leaving on space no shade, no scars,
No trace of age, no fear to die.

—R. W. Emerson

✣ ✣ ✣

To avoid trouble and insure safety, breathe through your nose. It keeps the mouth shut.

✣ ✣ ✣

Darwin took a million years to make a man out of a monkey, but a woman can make a monkey out of a man in half a second.

THE GAME

Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni

Life is a game we must learn how to play
With the chips of our hearts and nothing to say.
Just a smile, or a shrug, and a *what do we care?*
A trump for our gambles, and a cent for a dare.
Then ours be the losing if we play and regret,
And ours be the laurels if we lose and forget.

✣ ✣ ✣

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

—Byron

✣ ✣ ✣

HEALTH

To get his wealth he spent his health,
And then with might and main
He turned around and spent his wealth
To get his health again.

✣ ✣ ✣

Some folks won't mind their business,
The reason is, you'll find,
They either have no business,
Or else they have no mind.

We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all. —*John Ruskin*

✣ ✣ ✣

Search thou thy heart! Therein is the fountain of good! Do thou but dig, and abundantly the stream shall gush forth. . .

Men are created that they may live for each other; teach them to be better or bear with them as they are.

—*Marcus Aurelius*

✣ ✣ ✣

The world is my country; to do good my religion.

—*Thomas Paine*

✣ ✣ ✣

So many Gods, so many creeds,
So many ways that wind and wind,
When just the art of being kind
Is all this sad world needs.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox*

✣ ✣ ✣

God must have loved the Common People. He made so many of them. —*Abraham Lincoln*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a flying,
And this same flower that smiles today,
To-morrow will be dying.

—*Herrick*

✣ ✣ ✣

The world wants the kind of men who do not shrink from temporary defeats in life; but come again and wrestle triumph from defeat. —*Theodore Roosevelt*

✣ ✣ ✣

Don't part with your illusions. When they are gone you may still exist, but you have ceased to live.

—*Mark Twain*

✣ ✣ ✣

Women are meant to be loved, not to be understood.

—*Oscar Wilde*

✣ ✣ ✣

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees. —*Victor Hugo*

✣ ✣ ✣

The human is the only animal that can be skinned twice.

BOOKS—OUR COMPANIONS

God be thanked for books. They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. —*William E. Channing*

✣ ✣ ✣

That is a good book which is opened with expectation and closed with profit. —*Alcott*

✣ ✣ ✣

"I armed her against the censures of the world; showed her that books were sweet unreproaching companions to the miserable, and that if they could not bring us to enjoy life, they would at least teach us to endure it."
—*Goldsmith*

✣ ✣ ✣

A wise man reflects before he speaks. A fool speaks and then reflects on what he has uttered.
—*French proverb*

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares, that infest the day,
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

—Longfellow.

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